There's Pride In Your Mouth

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/29086527.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe, Alternate Universe - Different First Meeting, Dark Will Graham, Serial Killer Will Graham, Will Graham is a Cannibal, Hannibal Lecter is a Cannibal, Top Hannibal Lecter, Bottom Will Graham, POV Will Graham, Dark Will, use and abuse of will's empathy, Confident Will Graham, Eventual Smut, gratuitous cooking
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Beautiful Monsters
Stats:	Published: 2021-01-30 Words: 10,992 Chapters: 1/1

There's Pride In Your Mouth

by nobetterlove

Summary

Instead of diving head first into the avoidance pool, Will allows his empathy to grow - taking him further from the constructs of society. He uses the slip into other killer's heads to perfect his craft.

As a cover, Will goes through the process of becoming a chef and takes to the profession like it was meant to be.

When a chance encounter throws them into each other's path, can Hannibal really avoid the call of good food and "special" proteins?

(The answer is no - no, he can't)

Notes

Hi everyone!

If you've seen my SN before, you know that fluff and AUs are kind of my thing - so this is a huge step away from the norm.

For my first dabble into the Hannigram fandom, I'm pretty stoked with the outcome!

(I felt stupidly inspired by Joseph's Green Eyes during the writing process, maybe give it a listen while you read if you're so inclined).

See the end of the work for more notes

Standing on the corner in downtown Baltimore, Will Graham felt the familiar tingle of darkness rush across the surface of his skin. He let a second pass before actively looking up, the plaid of the man's suit hard to miss, even out of his periphery. A small smile slipped across his lips – unlike most people that were like him, those shrouded in a sort of ceaseless shadow, this particular man was shut off and hidden in the depths. The inability to get a good read on him past the initial brush of intimidating nothingness felt so frustrating, and yet – irresistible, too.

To anyone else, that feeling of absence would have been enough of a warning sign to beg off – to leave well enough alone. Will Graham wasn't everyone else, though; the fleeting challenge of not seeing through someone right off the bat took ahold of him. It seemed like such a long time since someone – anyone – managed to surprise him.

One thing Will did understand, however, was the fact that the unnamed man was dangerous – there was no doubt about that. Only people with secrets and things to hide covered themselves in such a cloud of misdirection – a well-crafted person suit.

The man was gloriously delectable on the outside, his clothes just eccentric enough to keep things interesting while dissuading people from genuinely approaching him. He more than likely stood just enough inside the circle to keep people interested, while the rest of his being resided outside the constructs of normality. People liked him, the man more than likely popular in his social circle – but, no one knew him. The shard of mystery he carried with him was more than likely the reason for such illustrious popularity, even.

Rolling his shoulders, Will let his own person suit fall away – in that moment, he shifted from the less than menacing thirty-year-old to the intelligent predator he perfected so seamlessly over the years. After spending so much time living inside the minds of the killers he once hunted, gathering the parts and pieces to become the ultimate challenger wasn't much work. In fact, he quickly came to enjoy the shift.

Over the years, he learned to harness the power of the excess mirror neurons in his brain. Pure empathy, so many of his psychiatrists said. The look of pity everyone gave him to begin with quickly shifted to a leer of interest when they caught his scent – like if they could get their hands on the inner workings of his brain, the rest of their career would simply slot itself into place. His mind intrigued those who didn't deserve to look at it, let alone study the expanses of the dark corners.

Instead, Will did as much research as he could by himself. After graduating with a degree in Criminal Psychology from George Mason, Will returned to the great state of Louisiana and quickly worked his way up the ranks at the New Orleans police department. Every second he spent behind the badge gave him access to the inner workings of the justice system. He reached out with his empathy to everyone that he could; cop, perp, psychologist, anyone that played a part – if he understood how all of the pieces fit together, in both their way of thinking and the emotional drive behind such thoughts, Will could outsmart anyone.

The homicide job felt like the bread and butter to his plan when he first took the position. Instead of petty criminals with half-baked plans, he now got exposure to smarter perpetrators.

And not completely sane himself, Will had no problems letting himself delve into the wide range of different psyches, taking back the pieces he needed to add to his arsenal, and leaving behind all the rest. Without the restraint of stability that he gave up clinging to long ago, Will was able to learn and adjust – what might've been an inability to interact with people in another time easily turned into his armor that wrapped around him and made him into a silver-tongued wonder.

Instead of letting his gift bury him under social isolation and immense confusion, Will took control of it – he got what he wanted, and enjoyed all the spoils while doing it.

His learning period came to an abrupt end when on patrol, they happened upon a killer in the middle of a hunt. The amount of rage and satisfaction Will felt projected from their suspect seeped under his skin – the immense greatness of it slowly slinking under what should've been reinforced walls.

When the shift happened, his partner was a few feet from him – Johnson's fear almost as palpable as the waves of delightful aggression coming from the obviously armed man standing stock still, taking them both in. Though his hand previously gripped the gun tightly, Will felt the weapon in his hand droop, the blood lust and need to deliver violence distracting him just long enough for a couple of things to happen.

First, Johnson fired off a shot, the man missing by what seemed like half a mile. When the shot went off and missed, the suspect leaped across the space separating them, his mouth wide in a feral grin. Quickly, Will moved into the suspect's line of vision, the killer that bubbled under his own skin for so long finally coming to the surface.

Things came to blows very quickly, Will delivering punches first to the suspects stomach, then across the cheek when the man curled into himself to protect his soft underbelly. Two steps ahead of him, Will would've easily taken him down if it weren't for the high pitched "Will!" shouted into the void – the pitch of Johnson's voice just barely registering through the blood red haze.

Shooting him a deadly look, Will tried to shout back – but was quickly stopped by the feeling of hard metal pressing into his flesh; the muscles and tendons of his shoulder helplessly resisting until the pressure became too much. The look of fear that rushed across his partner's face was the only thing that stopped him from yanking the knife from his arm to continue with the fight he knew he could win.

Another thought flashed across the forefront of his mind before Will could ruin the years of hard work, reconnaissance, and abstract learning – he needed to use the situation at hand to his advantage. Instead of turning to continue on, Will hit the ground like a sack of bricks, his face taking on the look of someone hurt and confused – the amount of effort it took to hold back his frustration magnifying and immeasurable.

It wouldn't do him any good to give the game up before it all got started, after all.

With that in mind, he rolled with his dismissal from the police department with as much grace as a fallen solider possibly could in that situation. He took the opportunity his chief set up and interviewed for the FBI academy when he got into the Quantico area – despite

knowing they'd never give him any sort of clearance or chance at infiltrating the country's tightest net of security. The best part of knowing what he was came with the knowledge that he would never fit in – not in the real world and sure as hell not in the strict confines of a federally mandated business.

After his rejection came, Will figured it was finally time to start living the life he actually wanted. It would have been nice to have access to case files and hunt his victims down that way, but he didn't finally tune his empathy for no reason – all he had to do was reach out, and sometimes, when he was lucky, the darkness brought itself to Will's door.

In order to build the perfect cover, Will fell back on the small pieces of his childhood he enjoyed – knives, fish, and spending time in the kitchen. Without much else to do to fill the time between stalking his prey and coming up with the perfect plan for each victim, Baltimore's finest culinary school took up the remainder of his headspace. He enrolled under a different name and paid tuition in cash – though he wanted to take his chef skills into the real world with his real identity, the idea of being tracked or traced kept him careful and always on his toes.

Finding Bill Schutt's novel on cannibalism and its evolutionary history was like a godsend – what better way to clean up after himself than to serve his victims piece by piece?

While in school, Will paid special attention to the art of butchery. They started with small scale items like fish and miniscule game. After so many summers on whatever boat his father was working on at the time, gutting and cleaning a fish was completely natural. The animals, however, they took a bit more work. Both the knowledge of anatomy and good knife skills were important when pulling the finer organs from the specimen. General knowledge was good for some things, but in this – Will needed to be beyond perfect.

Graduating from Lincoln Culinary Institute at the top of his class gave Will the opportunity to finally break out on his own with every piece finally in place – the parts of his persona that would ultimately keep him off the radar and make his practice better sat in his toolbox, simply waiting for him to take advantage.

He made quick work of finding a private chef contracting job, where the agency would set him up with a client and leave him free to work in whatever way he liked – to cook with whatever ingredients he wanted to bring to the table.

Of course, before he could start feeding people to others, the need to master his techniques was paramount. All of the stalking and victim tailing paid off – years and years of hard work made it easy to work through the assembly line of bodies he took down one by one; their deaths not only rid society of unworthy predators, they also made beautiful dishes that elevated an otherwise worthless soul. The previous grit on society brought people happiness and warmth in their bellies when Will got his hands on them.

On the surface, Will presented himself as unsuspecting, a well-oiled chef who could make a delicacy out of nothing – all of his clients treated him like family and raved about the food he was able to create. To most people, he was unassuming Will Graham – the man in their kitchen that came and went like a ghost; never overstaying his welcome or sticking around

long enough for anyone to get a good grasp on any part of him. People saw what he wanted them to see, and Will liked it that way.

In his perusal of the past, Will managed to lose sight of the plaid suit – his brain working on overtime now that he was so sure the entity he encountered would be some sort of challenge. Shaking himself of his previous thoughts, he forced himself back into the game. He took a couple of steps in the direction he remembered the man heading, his eyes peeled. It took less than a minute of hard looking to see the unique suit through the window of one of his favorite cheese shops.

A grin slipped across Will's face – the mysterious man became more interesting by the second. There weren't many humans that even knew about artisanal cheeses, let alone an exclusive store like Rich's that catered to hardcore foodies and the chefs of the city. The odd wardrobe made it seem like the truth of the matter leaned more towards the latter option – the idea of having a fellow "special" protein serving chef in town making his heart beat a little faster. He wasn't sure what kind of darkness the man carried, but his imagination could easily fill in all the gaps practical knowledge couldn't.

Making a quick decision, Will ducked through the door of Rich's – his need to know more and get a few selections of cheese for later dinners winning out over the caution he might've used in a similar situation. For whatever reason, Will felt attracted to this darkness – the richness and clarity of the nothing the man carrying it projected was like crack; one hit wasn't enough – one hit, and he was already close to addiction.

He set about getting what he needed first – a rich monterey jack and extra sharp cheddar for his spicy mac & cheese for the Evan's family and their young daughters, a camembert for the small dinner party later in the week, and a mild gorgonzola to go into the risotto he wanted to make for his own pleasure. Each cheese was selected with sharp focus on the end product and many glances between the aisles to keep track of his target.

Will bid his time until they were finally in the same aisle, his eyes caught between the beautiful darkness and the exquisite gouda that would pair so nicely with the vintage red he bought earlier that day. The cheese in which the mystery man was standing right in front of. Seeing the opportunity for what it was, Will left his empathy open, took a couple of steps forward, and as politely as he could, knocked his shoulder into the unsuspecting man.

There was a brief flash of that darkness he managed to feel out on the street before Mr. Fancy Suit got himself under control once more. He turned and flashed Will a quasi-amused look, his face so close to completely neutral that the flare of his nostrils almost didn't register. Will had to duck his head to stop the satisfied look that threatened to overtake his face – there wasn't much for his empathy to grab onto, but what he could, Will liked very much.

Steeling his expression to one that read apprehension and embarrassment, Will took a step back, his hand reaching up to run across the back of his neck – the addition of a nervous tick hopefully selling what he wanted to project.

"I'm so, so sorry. I had my head down trying to remember my list – I didn't even see that you were there. Are you okay?" Will asked, letting the inflection of his voice shift and change around the words dripping from his mouth. He pulled some of the anxiety he could still feel

from the mother that ran his foot over in the grocery store last week – the way she stammered and apologized pulled the rage from his chest almost instantly.

Something happened in the span of time between their initial contact and the words leaving his lips – mystery man's face shifted, his unmovable cheeks going from stonewall to truly amused in the blink of the eye. The air changed around them and whatever tension existed previously was completely washed away. Gorgeous maroon eyes took Will in for a second, then roved over the chef whites still buttoned up across his chest – whatever he saw there changed his mind.

"It's more than alright, Chef Graham. I seem to be taking more space up in the aisle than absolutely necessary."

The chef title never ceased to bring him pleasure, so Will let it show – the bright red of his blush filled in the meat of his cheeks, and a genuine smile overtook his lips. "While I like that title in the kitchen, you can just call me Will." Shifting the basket in his hand, Will stuck his hand out between them, his fingers tingling for that first rush of a new sort of feeling.

"Okay, Will. It's a pleasure to make your acquaintance. I'm Hannibal Lecter."

Despite the tight grip, his hand was soft in Will's, the skin there perfectly moisturized – the man's profession obviously not making much use of the physical strength Will now knew resided under his stuffy suit. And though completely cleaned up everywhere else, he couldn't stop himself from noticing the small smudge of black across the abductor digiti minimi of his palm and the length of his pinky. A man of art then – charcoal and paper, more than likely.

Of all the context clues presenting themselves, Hannibal's existence in this particular shop threw him for the biggest curveball. By just gripping his hand, Will assumed that Hannibal worked in a sophisticated office, one that probably saw patients by appointment – so a doctor or lawyer of some sort. Though, the absence of cookie-cutter dress and accessories struck lawyer down quickly. The lack of callouses and outward marking on his hands spoke of something without a hands-on component, which left optometrist or psychiatrist – and he didn't see someone as interesting as Hannibal was already shaping out to be sequestering themselves away in a dark room asking whether camera-one or camera-two looked better.

The obvious could of course be the case – the man simply enjoyed cheese with the fancy wine he purchased from the same sommelier that Will used himself; the reusable bag clutched in his hand was one that sat at the bottom of Will's own shopping bags. Yet, Hannibal shouted complexity – the idea of simply eating cheese with wine didn't suit the persona standing in front of him.

Like he was reading his mind, Hannibal held up his own basket, the familiar cooking cheeses that were nestled in there providing the next clue to the already intricate puzzle shaping up before him. "I too like to dabble in the culinary arts," Hannibal finally said, his eyes taking in Will, who was not-so-stealthily taking him in right back. Those maroon eyes dipped down to take in Will's haul, the wrinkles around his eyes deepening slightly with the impressed look. "Planning on making a risotto?"

Grinning Will reached into the basket to grab the gorgonzola – the expensive cheese heavy in his hand. “I thought I’d add some poached pears to bring out the freshness of the cheese. I cure my own prosciutto that’ll cap it off beautifully.”

A recognizable heat flashed in Hannibal’s eyes; his interest drawn in even more now that Will strategically revealed another piece of himself. There were many butchers that did not go out of their way to cure their own meat – it was a lengthy process that usually ended up being way easier to outsource. The mere dedication to the art would be enough to drag someone like Hannibal in just that little bit more.

“The choice of pear is ambitious, but admirable. I hope you’re cooking for an audience with a more advanced palate.”

“My palate is incredibly seasoned – I think I’ll thoroughly enjoy it.”

There was a pause where an honest to god chuckle fell from Hannibal’s mouth – without having to reach out with his empathy, Will knew Hannibal was surprised by their exchange. Unlike the well put together man in front of him, Will’s persona depended on excellent delivery and keeping all the cards in his hand close to chest. He didn’t try to outwardly project skill at anything – it kept him in the position to constantly be underestimated.

Sharing an amused smile, Hannibal collected himself before replying again, the gears in his brain audibly clicking under Will’s close observation.

Hannibal shifted his bags to gain access to the depth of his pockets, where he pulled out a business card holder – his long, nimble fingers getting a card out of its depths before Will could blink. Will wondered briefly, what else those fingers could do.

It was imperative to shake that sort of thought from his head, so he gripped his basket a little tighter and shifted his weight from one foot to the other. Their fingers brushing as Hannibal passed it off made it a little harder to stay focused, but Will managed after a couple of deep breaths.

“I think I’d like to know more about you, Will. Maybe try your food for myself. Do you have a card of your own?” His maroon eyes bore into the blue green of Will’s, the stare probably menacing and manipulative to others who previously stood in his very position. There was no doubt that Hannibal Lecter demanded respect and compliance to his every whim.

Wanting to stay in his good books for now, Will pulled his wallet out and produced one of his business cards – the title of private chef gleaming in the fluorescent light above them. He wondered if the “specialty in unique proteins” would stand out to him the way Will wanted it to for the first time since he printed the damn things. For whatever reason, Hannibal seemed like the type of person who would understand and appreciate the humor in it.

The second brush of their fingers felt like fire – one that could easily sweep him up and drag him under. Not ready to get rid of the feeling, he stuck his hand out between them again. “It was a pleasure, Doctor Lecter. I look forward to your call.” Though brief, the handshake felt like the cherry on top of their interaction – he wanted information and ended up with so much more.

With that business sorted, Will checked out quickly, his feet carrying him out of the store with a renewed sort of energy. If he glanced over his shoulder to catch Hannibal's eyes one more time before leaving – no one else really needed to know.

With a name and occupation, compiling surface level information wasn't difficult. He found Hannibal's office building without issue and quickly understood that his initial guess was correct – the man stood amongst the social hierarchy; his picture appeared in every noteworthy society page event over the last three years. The most shocking discovery came in the form of his Hannibal's previous occupation – surgeon never even crossed his mind, despite the beauty and obvious grace of those delightful hands.

Access to a name also let Will do a little deeper digging. Walking into work with the ruse of getting new client information, Will searched for Hannibal's name within the company database – his stomach turning with excitement when he saw that the man had, in fact, used their services before. It looked like Hannibal liked to throw big dinner parties and outsource the use of talented chefs to keep the food quality up and constantly moving out of the kitchen.

Though he was never a fan of big gatherings, or cooking for them for that matter, Will put his name on the list of eligible and available chefs for future Doctor Lecter jobs. The fact that the man had his own list within their database said a lot. About his prowess within society, and the reputation that followed him everywhere he went – independent companies, included.

Luckily, Will didn't need to make use of the card given to him – his quick movements logistically got him in front of Hannibal much faster than he thought possible. Less than a week after literally running into him at the cheese shop, Will got a call from Beverly, the only one of his superiors that seemed willing to actually work with him.

"Graham – I was surprised to see you on one of Lecter's lists," she said to him, the restlessness in her voice speaking louder than the words ever could. Will usually kept to himself and took on clients he deemed "worthy". It wasn't often he put himself out there and volunteered for the time consuming, heavy work jobs like this one would absolutely be. He liked to keep people on his toes, though – what good would complacency really do?

"I thought I'd branch out a little, Bev. One of my main clients is having a big dinner party in the next few weeks – I'm hoping with this one under my belt, they'll let me take care of it." The words were lies, each one rolling off his tongue with the type of ease that scared normal people. Spending more than enough time under the cloak of deception, Will lied most of his life – the small snippets of truth he did provide were a mere morsel to make the stories he told sit on the right side of believable.

"However this ended up happening, he's asked for you by name. The allure of your unique protein selection was too much to pass up, I guess. Will you be able to source enough blue fin for a party of twelve? Oh, and liver for that pate you made for the Lyell's – they're still raving about it."

Grinning to himself, Will took a couple of quick steps across his kitchen – his latest harvest just packaged and waiting for his use on the shelves of the fridge. The blue fin would be easy

enough to procure, there were several of the local fisherman that could use a bit of a challenge. And though he wanted to keep the liver for a new menudo recipe he found, he figured getting himself closer to the addictive darkness was worth the change in direction.

“I should be fine on both fronts. One of my connects will kill for a big sale like this one is going to be. And, I think my butcher may be able to get his hands on at least one liver, so that should be enough for an appetizer if I’m smart about it.”

“Good. Don’t fuck this one up – he’s one of our best clients. The dinner parties he throws bring a lot of word of mouth business.”

As expected, Will let a well-timed laugh fall from his lips – Beverley liked to be found funny, so he indulged her, despite the stupidity of her words. This interaction was a big deal – there’d be absolutely no room for not capitalizing while he could.

“I’ve got this, Bev – I know how to cook, and he seems like the type to be impressed by skill.”

“I’ll take your word for it. He wants to see you a couple of hours before I send the rest of the crew. Plan to arrive at 1PM a week from today. I’ll send you the address later.”

Though he didn’t need it from her, he grunted his approval and promptly hung up. During his trip into work, Will let his eyes wander to Hannibal’s personal information. It took him just under seventy minutes to get there from Wolf Trap – a few minutes less if he decided to take the bike for a stretch.

Feeling satisfied with the turn of events, Will spent the rest of the night organizing the fish pick up and refreshing his pate recipe knowledge. It would go well with the new cooking brandy that caught his eye over the weekend.

The usual anticipation he felt during a hunt coursed through him as he made preparations. Without any intention to actually have Hannibal on his butcher’s block, Will was a little surprised he felt the way he did – but then the shroud of mystery the darkness that brushed against him brought would resurface and increase the feeling tenfold.

After all of this time, the prospect of finding a partner, in whatever fashion he could convince the illusive doctor to become – it brought a new surge of excitement to the table. Despite not really knowing what it all meant, Will planned to see it through.

In spite of his excitement, or probably because of it, the days before the dinner seemed to move slowly – every second like molasses sliding down the side of its jar. To occupy himself, Will spent time walking Winston and cooking through some of the rapist sitting in his fridge. He spent a whole day boiling down the bones to restock his supply of broth. Anything Will could do to stop himself from hitting the highway and indulgently driving by the suburban mansion, he did it.

Obsession was okay – it kept him on his toes and down the path of doing a thorough job that would keep him well fed and out of prison. This addictive feeling – it was new and made it hard to concentrate. When he wasn’t thinking about the plaid suit pulled tightly across

obviously well-built shoulders, the halls of his mind were filled with the shadow of that darkness; it felt like the small parts of his own that were missing – the thought of being completely whole within himself driving him absolutely mad with dreaded anticipation and need.

Hunting was completely off the table because of it.

Instead of moping like he wanted to do, Will tore through the few studies that Doctor Lecter put forth into the world. His theories on social exclusion were particularly illuminating – especially in the sense of getting to know the man even more. It seemed, and maybe it felt the way it did because Will wanted it to – but, it seemed like Hannibal himself lived within the words. Each sentence, word, and choice of comma placement were specific, picked to maximize the effect of the message and its delivery.

Little by little, he armed himself with the useful facts – half the fun of the creation of his person suit came from the parts and pieces he put together, from the research and overarching knowledge it took to play the role and do it without breaking a sweat. The case and all its components made the spoil of victory that much sweeter. In this case, Will couldn't decide if it was Lecter or merely the darkness within him that he craved more – only time would be able to tell.

By the time the blessed day came around, Will felt prepared, both in his conversation ability and the food department. He itched to climb on the back of his Harley Night Rod Special – to feel the wind in his hair before the big show; but the need to transport the fish won out. He packed up his small pickup truck, got Winston bedded down for the night, and grabbed his knives off the counter before heading out – a feeling of anticipation and excitement washing over him as the seconds past.

Opening up on the highway gave Will the chance to flush his mind – the process one he picked up after he first started to fine tune his gift. There was a lot of clutter up there after a whole week of searching and reading; all of the thoughts were scattered and unorganized. The solitary sound of wind blowing through his open windows blocked everything else out – Will's focus solely on categorizing and storing all of the information to create space in the lobby of his mind. With so many people coming and going later on, he needed all of the blank canvas he could get – people were loud and when they felt the need to impress, the volume cranked up tenfold.

Wil remained occupied with the process until he pulled into the now familiar neighborhood. He took the two left turns and one roundabout without much thought, his car finally pulling up in front of the tall, maroon-bricked house after what felt like years of preoccupation.

It appeared that Hannibal too felt a little bit of anxiousness – the door opened a few seconds after his tire brushed against the curb, the truck barely parked. They shared a look, Hannibal's maroon eyes flashing with something that Will couldn't quite put a name to (yet, at least). Taking a second to roll his shoulders and pull the mask down a little tighter over his face, Will went about collecting the stuff from the inside of the car he'd need before getting out. His lips were pulled into a welcoming smile, only half the vigor of it an act.

It was strange to think that he was actually looking forward to the evening.

But – he absolutely was.

“Hello, Doctor Lecter!” Will called in greeting, the hand not holding his precious knives lifting in the seminal greeting of a handwave.

Hannibal returned the gesture, though Will saw the slight crinkle of his brow. He wondered, not for the first time, where the doctor came from – their American customs were likely second tier to the fancy shit Hannibal probably grew up around.

He made quick work of getting the foam cooler from the back of the truck, the blue fin and the already treated liver packed tightly in ice. It looked like Hannibal wanted to offer his assistance for a moment, but quickly thought better of it when Will hefted the thing up and over his shoulder. A look of satisfaction passed across his face before he turned to lead them both back into the house.

Who would’ve thought carrying all that dead weight would come in handy?

Hannibal stood in the door, watching Will climb the stairs of his front porch. They didn’t exchange any words, Hannibal simply made room for him to enter, then turned his back and continued leading Will down the hallway and into the kitchen.

When they first walked into the room, Will felt his jaw drop. Throughout the course of his cooking career, he made food in some incredible kitchens. His own was well stocked and custom to his needs. Yet, Hannibal’s topped any he experienced before. Everything was stainless steel, shining, and well kept. There were top notch appliances and ample room to spread out and really get to work. The placement and setup of everything spoke of the time spent in here – the space allocated preciously, like the heart and soul of the house stemmed from the reflective surfaces. All of the things Will imagined about Hannibal were confirmed, and then easily exceeded.

“This space is beautiful.” Will looked up when the words slipped out, none of them having the permission to enter the air between them, despite doing so, anyway. He didn’t like to give up the game so early – yet, it seemed his mouth had a mind of its own.

It must’ve been the right decision, anyway – Hannibal let the corners of his lips lift, the look one that came closest to a smile so far. The shift of the muscle on Hannibal’s face caused the corner of his eyes to crinkle, the shallow lines there showing the slightest hint of humanity. In their short time together, this was the first one Will could easily point out.

“I spend most of my time in here. Every dish is a masterpiece, and that includes the tools used to create it.” Hannibal went about the process of rolling his sleeves up as he spoke – the waistcoat and light blue shirt combination somehow highlighted now that tan forearms were on display. “Shall we take a look at what you brought?”

“I think you’re going to be pretty excited with tonight’s fare,” Will said in reply. He put down his knives on the counter first, making sure the bundle was secure before hefting the cooler onto the smooth surface. Up close, the metal looked like that of a surgery table; Hannibal’s cheekiness obviously knowing no bounds.

Will made quick work of the top of the cooler, pulling out the cling wrapped liver to give Hannibal visual access to the two-dozen blue fin that sat beneath it. He went to the fish market an hour earlier than usual to get the best selection. If time would've allowed for it, he probably would've tried to catch them himself – but blue fin wasn't local, and the good people of Baltimore had to eat. Picking one up, Will let his fingers run over the rough scales, his brain already going through the steps of stripping them off and cooking the fish to perfection.

"These are as fresh as you can find and caught by one of the fishermen I've known most of my life. The dense blue on their body speaks of the freshness of the water they were caught in." While he spoke, Will pulled out the first few, his chest puffing with pride as the size of the fish got bigger with each one. "I thought I'd do some sashimi with fresh lemon and ginger, and then do a quick sear on the remaining steaks."

Stuck in creation mode, Will didn't register Hannibal's closeness until he felt a soft touch to the back of his hand – the doctor was attempting to take the fish out of his hand. He quickly loosened his grip, the cleaning set up that now resided on the counter finally registering.

There were several minutes of silence while the two worked in tandem to get the fish prepared – Hannibal ran each fish under cold water, then pressed them into what smelt like buttermilk to pull the fishy scent from the meat. After patting them dry, Will gutted and cleaned the innards of the fish. What he needed for sashimi; he broke down – the rest he kept whole for later.

"I thought to do something with fresh bell peppers and onions – would the marinade for your sear pair well?" Hannibal asked after several easy minutes of silence.

Looking up from his work, Will noticed that while Hannibal was occupied with the zester and lemon in his hand, his eyes were trained on Will's hands – he hadn't made a move in the last few minutes that Hannibal didn't see. He let his hand relax on the handle of the knife, the comfortability of handling the tool hopefully shining through.

"I don't see why not – I'll cook up some dirty rice to tie the two together." Will turned then, grabbing the liver and setting it down between them.

Hannibal finally stopped what he was doing, maroon eyes shifting from Will's hands to the liver.

"I was intrigued – when I saw unique proteins on your card. I continued to be surprised when Ms. Katz told that you worked magic with offal." He reached for the organ, the fit of it perfect in well-sculpted hands. "This is an excellent cut of meat – you must give me the name of your butcher."

Unable to stop himself, Will let a chuckle fall – his cheeks were red from the blush of enjoyment; the game was afoot.

"You're looking at him. I start with the whole pig and deconstruct until I've used just about everything. I spent the last few days making bone broth with this most recent pig." Will could feel his lips forming a smirk – his mask slipping ever so slightly with every word.

There was a brief pulse of tension, then a collective sigh between them. Hannibal undid the cling wrap and let the liver sit prominently on a fresh cutting board that magically appeared. "And what do you plan to do with it?" Hannibal questioned, his maroon eyes alight with that look that Will still couldn't get a read on.

"Initially, I was going to make menudo – liver soaks up all the flavors so well when you let it cook down. But when Beverly said you were interested in my specialty work, I thought pate would make for a fine aperitif. I assume you have a sausage grinder?"

There was another shift in Hannibal then, the tension in the air previously went from heavy to doused with a delicious sort of understanding. Will's eyes were glued to him, his empathy reaching out in hopes of catching anything – if he could just grasp onto something, he might be able to get a read. When the tranquilizing darkness brushed against him, Will sucked in a breath; how easy it would be to just revel in that feeling.

He continued to reach out, however – Will already knew the darkness was addicting, he wanted to know what other things lurked around the corner. The slightest hint of awe and lust were next, Hannibal's tells subtle, yet telling all the same. Surprisingly, the feeling of camaraderie existed for a moment, too – Will's skin tingled with it, the culmination of his first true look into Hannibal revealing and overtly frustrating; if these small hints were so powerful, what would it be like to have the full swing of them take him over?

The spell was broken by Hannibal stepping away from the counter. There was an interesting look on his face that Will forced into storage in his mind – when things were slower and there was more time, he would dissect it bit by bit.

"There aren't many chefs that make a career out of upscaling the usually neglected parts," Hannibal remarked, setting the grinder on empty counter space across from their workstation. "In fact, I haven't eaten good offal outside of my own kitchen."

"I've always stood outside the lines of normal, why should my cooking be any different? I find that people are willing to try just about anything if you present it the right way. I simply choose to be adventurous and pull everyone else along with me."

"There's something to be said about functioning without the confines of people's expectations, isn't there?" Hannibal's question was softly asked, both knowing the answer to it was a resounding yes without having to say anything.

Before Will was ready, his fellow chefs for the evening started to trickle through the door. They worked in tandem to get everything prepped, Hannibal's hands reverent in their handling of the liver. There wasn't much of a doubt that Hannibal understood where Will sourced the meat and the way he was acting made it seem like there wasn't any problem with it – like, as Will so desperately hoped, he too used it this same way.

Despite the yearning to keep conversing and learn more about the doctor, Will was there to work. He moved flawlessly around the space, his mind laser focused on the recipes in his head and the parts and pieces needed to make them work. Lemon juice was squeezed, vegetables and herbs were chopped. By the time the rest of the chefs arrived, Will had most of the dishes for the night prepped and waiting cooking service.

Hannibal made a subtle retreat as the kitchen started to fill up. More people brought an abundance of noise to the previously serene space, and if Will could make the same departure, he absolutely would. Though he loved cooking and the satisfaction it brought others, there was a reason he did it on a private level. Aside from the fact that he continually fed people human, which took some privacy to prepare, Will equated the kitchen to peace – he could let go of all the masks and just create.

Putting his head down, Will didn't register anything aside from what was in front of him until the doorbell rang for the first time, alerting the household of the first guest to arrive. For thirty minutes or so, the bell went off every few minutes – if he listened closely, Will was able to hear Hannibal's deep accent exchange pleasantries with whomever walked in the door. The action was flawless, as if Hannibal practiced the phrases in the mirror at least once a day.

Their exchanges were minimal throughout the rest of the evening. At one point, Will slid a small plate of the pate on a crostino to Hannibal when he came into the kitchen a few moments before the appetizers went out – a small sliver of anticipation sitting in the pit of his belly. The way Hannibal's eyes slid shut at first taste was sensual and quickly had the anticipation shifting into something akin to heat in his core.

"You are most talented, Chef," Hannibal complimented, his accent a little heavier around the bite of food in his mouth.

Will plated the rest of his food with a sort of satisfaction that usually only hit him after a successful hunt. In a way – the entire exchange between them felt that way. Unlike most predators, Will was inexplicitly drawn to the still to be named power that resided within Hannibal. Whatever the doctor was – it called to him like a siren's song.

At the end of the night, Will took his time packing himself up. His knives were his pride and joy, so he spent several minutes cleaning them by hand, his movements almost worshipful. His hunting knives served a purpose, but these – these created and brought life to those who didn't deserve it before.

Still distracted by the process, Will felt a sigh escape his chest when heat and firmness entered his space. He continued with what he was doing until satisfied – Hannibal never once moved or shifted while he worked. Putting the last knife down, Will turned until his back pressed against the counter, the smallest bit of water seeping into his chef whites from the sink.

Hannibal turned then, too – their forearms brushing as they shared the same air for a few minutes.

"Tonight was a resounding success. There aren't many leftovers, and I'm sad to say that I'm slightly disappointed by that. It's not often that I feel selfish with the food I serve." Hannibal's voice was soft and scratchy, an entire evening of conversation obviously taking its toll. "What would you say to letting me return the favor?"

Turning slightly, Will let more surface area of his body press against Hannibal's – there was so much warmth and he couldn't bring himself to really care what it all meant. "You hired me

this evening, Doctor Lecter. There's no need to return anything."

"Then, let me rephrase. I would like to cook for you – share a unique recipe of my own. Would you be amenable? I think you'll enjoy what I have to offer."

"I'm all for unique recipes. I cook for a family every weeknight, but I've got both Saturday and Sunday free next weekend. Shall I provide the protein?"

A wolfish grin slipped across Hannibal's face, those maroon eyes flushing with delight. Will didn't need to reach out with his empathy to know he asked the right question.

"I think not, dear Will – it'll be my pleasure to procure an offering." As he spoke, Hannibal moved – they were no longer pressed together from side to side; instead, Hannibal had him boxed in against the counter, his strong arms on either side of Will's hips. "You simply need to come hungry."

Soft lips ghosted against Will's forehead – the barely there touch more intense than anything else between them. It spoke of promises and a hidden iniquity that Will never wanted to share with anyone else ever before.

Accepting Hannibal's invitation was like opening a door between them. Every night for the week leading up to their dinner, Will heard the crunch of tires, and sometimes the smoosh of grass under feet. He didn't need to question how Hannibal got his address – Will was dealing with a predator, just like himself; and they always found a way.

The day before he was meant to head to Hannibal's, Will walked into his shed, where he kept his deep freeze and motorcycle, only to be welcomed by the familiar spice of sandalwood and musk – the slightest hint of Hannibal's darkness lingered there with the scents, too. He took a deep breath and let what this particular presence meant – they saw each other now, both on the same page.

One beautiful monster to another.

With the smell still fresh in his nostrils, even a day later, Will spent the entire afternoon before their dinner getting ready. Though unspoken, the connection between them was palpable. Will wanted – he wanted to know more about Hannibal's darkness, he wanted to feel what the entirety of it unleashed was like against his skin. For the first time, Will wanted someone to look at him and see – his gift gave him the ability to do that with everyone else; it was about time he understood what that looked like for himself.

After worrying over his outfit for way too long, Will stepped into fitted black pants that stretched just right across his ass and thighs. The dark salmon of his shirt darkened his hair, making the curls seem threatening, instead of their usual bouncy. He finished the look with a small helping of aftershave to sharpen the fine lines of his taken in facial hair. Usually in chef whites or flannel, the look was different – but so very good.

To be on the safe side, Will tucked his ivory-handled flip knife into the front pocket of his pants – the fit of them just barely concealing the shape of it. He hoped he wouldn't need it – Hannibal and potential were synonymous in his brain. Yet, it seemed silly to walk into a fight empty handed, either way.

There weren't any fish to hold him back from slipping on the back of his Harley – the seat felt grounding between his legs and the open air would do him a world of good. The rumble of the road under the cycle's tires made the time pass effortlessly, the sixty or so miles between Wolf Trapp and Baltimore seemingly nothing.

Before he knew it, Will was pulling off his helmet and making his way to Hannibal's front door. Like last time, the doctor opened the door at the sound of Will's arrival. This time, however, there was a blanket of welcome that didn't exist before. Hannibal seemed content, if not happy, to see him.

"The reality of you on the back of that is much greater than what I was able to conjure in my head," Hannibal said in greeting, his hand reaching out to grab the helmet from Will's hand. "You personify all of life's temptations."

Shaking his head with mirth, Will let Hannibal take his helmet and the thick black leather jacket he wore each ride. His cheeks were warm from the exertion of the ride and Hannibal's cleverly selected words.

"I have a spare helmet – I'll bring it next time and you can see it in real time," Will answered with a saucy grin, the tips of his fingers lingering against Hannibal's forearm when he finally felt settled. A small amount of space existed between them, the barely there touch more than enough to make every inch feel like a million miles.

Hannibal grabbed Will's elbow and gave it a swift squeeze, his eyes flashing. "I impatiently await the day."

Their eyes locked, heat and want and unspoken things passing between them. Will forced himself not to blink – breaking the connection between them seemingly unimaginable. Chests heaved and for a few moments, time stood still.

A buzzer from deeper in the house broke things open – Hannibal's blink and far off look adorable in the same way a mountain lion's head tilted to the side before it pounced. His fingers slowly loosened their hold on Will's arm, the man's person suit back in place by the time the contact was no longer existent.

"Let me show you to the dining room. It's my turn to serve you."

Letting his tongue slip across his lips, Will nodded in answer, his brain all of the sudden chaotic from the sudden rush of feelings lingering in the air. Apprehension, nervousness, lust, hope – each one so strong in their own right and completely overwhelming all together. When Hannibal turned his back to lead him down the hall, Will took in a shuddering breath; whatever happened tonight, life would never be the same.

The dining room, like the parts of the house he'd already seen, was finely decorated – the walls were a dark blue and a live herb garden took up an entire wall. The table, which sat dead center of the room, was made of dark, heavy wood. There were two chairs set out, one on either side of the table. The centerpiece consisted of dark flowers, dried berries, and an opal white animal skull – the shape screaming deer, though he wasn't 100% certain.

He let his fingers brush against the lush cilantro and mint, the leaves healthy and green, obviously taken care of by someone that knew what they were doing. A wide array of the very same things grew in his own garden at home. Grinning, Will preoccupied himself with a quick snoop around the space until he heard Hannibal enter the room – his hands laden with plates this time around.

What was set in front of him was nothing short of beautiful. He recognized the sweet breads on the plate instantly – the smell of thymus one that couldn't be mistaken. The sauce was scattered across the place in irregular sized dots – the rich yellow of it speaking of curry and possibly cumin. A small pile of julienne vegetables made the bed in which the organ sat. With a deep breath, Will took in the dish as a whole, his mouth watering in excitement.

"This smells delicious. These sweet breads look exceptionally fresh," Will commented, his hands already moving to grip the fancy utensils at the side of his plate.

Hannibal said nothing – his eyes instead glued to Will's every movement.

With practiced ease, Will let his knife dive into the supple flesh of the thymus, the cook on it perfect in the way it eased nicely under the cut. He scooped up a couple of the vegetables and trailed the piece through a dollop of the sauce – a perfect bite.

Flavor exploded in his mouth the second the bite hit his taste buds. The kiss of wine from the braise and the perfect seasoning brought a small moan from his throat – the excitement of recognizing the underlying flavor drawing the noise out even further.

Whatever doubts he walked in with were suddenly gone.

"This isn't pork," Will said simply, his knife already diving back into the morsel on the plate with vigor. He needed to show Hannibal that he knew and delighted in the fact.

"No," Hannibal replied, a low tone to his voice, "it most certainly is not."

His knuckles loosened around the knife that Will watched him clench out of the corner of his eye, the overarching threat obviously neutralized for the time being. Hannibal grabbed his fork and started eating then, his eyes sliding shut as each delicious bite crossed his lips.

"Are you going to be a problem, Will? I don't usually share my hunting grounds, but for you – I may be willing to make an exception." Now that the food was gone, and very thoroughly enjoyed, Hannibal was more focused, sharper in his approach.

Enjoying the fact that he didn't have to beat a confession out of him, Will used his napkin to wipe at his mouth, bidding himself a bit of time. He adjusted his position in the seat before

looking up to meet Hannibal's eyes. There was still the slightest bit of reproach – that darkness inside making one final attempt at protecting itself.

"I think we could come to a mutually beneficial understanding. When I first bumped into you on the street, I wanted to know more about your darkness. I have pure empathy – I can read people like the back of my hand, but you… there was nothing. Not a ripple of anything except this darkness that wrapped so smoothly around me. I don't need a partner; never even thought on the idea. But –" Will got up while he spoke, his long legs carrying him around the table to Hannibal's side, "I wouldn't be opposed."

Like he couldn't help himself, Hannibal reached out, his fingers gripping Will's hip without thought. He pushed back from the table and stood, his grip on Will practically catapulting him back into Will's orbit with the chair out of the way. In the next second, they were sharing space and air, blue and maroon locked in a tight glance.

"Don't make me kill you, Will," Hannibal muttered, the distance between them dwindling down to nothing. "I won't hesitate if I have to." The words were said against Will's lips, the last one turning into a searing kiss.

"I wouldn't dream of it."

The tumble to get up the stairs without breaking apart proved to be much more difficult than necessary. In his impatience, Will gripped Hannibal by the biceps and pressed him into the wall – the rest of the staircase suddenly too much; the need to be flush was overpowering. They kissed hungrily while hands tackled clothes and hips shifted against one another. Down to their briefs and nothing else, Will finally pulled away enough to let Hannibal lead them the rest of the way into the bedroom.

Unlike the rest of the house, Hannibal's room wasn't showy. A king-sized bed took up much of the room – the headboard and base of it the same heavy wood that made up the dining room table. A dark red comforter was pulled back to reveal the softest looking sheets, their color the same as Hannibal's eyes. Two wing-backed chairs were setup in front of an already roaring fire. It spoke of manliness and comfort and smelled like Hannibal in every space of his sanctuary.

There wasn't much time to truly take it all in – Hannibal impatiently pushed him back onto the mattress, his clever hands slipping under the waistband of Will's tight boxer briefs. The fire in the room kept his skin from pebbling, his nakedness comfortable and for once, enticing. Hannibal followed suit, the corded muscle of his body snapping and pulling with every disrobing movement.

They were in the middle of the bed completely wrapped around each other moments later, Will's skin starting to sweat from the stimulus and overwhelming heat that radiated from Hannibal's very being. The doctor, a clever man in his own right, trailed his hands over all of Will's sensitive spots, his lips following closely behind. Like the rest of his behavior, Hannibal teased with intention, every brush against Will's skin meant to bring pleasure and draw him in even closer.

The soft huff of a deep breath being dragged in brought Will from his euphoric bubble, his eyes bulging slightly. “Did you just smell me?” Will asked through a gasp, his legs falling open wider as Hannibal settled more firmly between them.

“It can’t be helped – you’re radiating pheromones and I want to drown in them. My keen sense of smell only magnifies that.” Hannibal pronounced his words with subtle presses of his nose in the crease of both Will’s thighs, and then further down until his cock was within mouth’s reach.

Any words that wanted to get out were lost when lips wrapped around the head of his cock. The tip was already weepy, anticipation and the surge of adrenaline he couldn’t help putting every one of his nerve endings on edge. Hannibal’s velvet tongue wrapped so skillfully around him that nothing else really mattered.

In all of their encounters, Will should’ve anticipated the tactile nature of Hannibal’s worship. While he worked his mouth over Will, strong hands ran up and down the length of quads and calves, even his arches every few swipes. Fingers traced over individual leg hairs, like Hannibal was mapping out the texture and twist of each one. He worked himself into Will’s every crevice, touch and taste merely adding to the sensation.

Throughout, Will let himself drift – his empathy wide open and absorbing everything that accumulated between them. It was easy to pull his own desires out of the equation; Hannibal’s wants were big and took up a lot of space now that they weren’t hiding behind an impenetrable wall. The misconception that people like them didn’t feel was laughable – in most ways, each feeling took on a mind and weight of its own. The ability to staunch and maximize each one, that’s what people didn’t get.

It was overwhelming, and yet, in the same breath, not nearly enough. Will felt his toes curling into the soft sheets with Hannibal’s ministrations, each touch like liquid fire. The sensations were so much, but the need for more became too pressing. Reaching down, Will slotted his fingers into the long, straw blonde hair that flopped delectably against a slightly sweaty forehead.

“I need more, Hannibal. More. Please.” Will could hear his own desperation, the tone of voice one he didn’t recognize. In fact, he didn’t recognize much about this situation. Sex before was a way to fit in. Now, it felt like the only thing necessary to survive.

Hannibal kissed his way back up Will’s body – the slick from his spit sliding across warm skin, the slug trail of it illuminated by the flicker of light the flames of the fireplace provided. He forced his eyes to clench, the multiple points of stimulus too fucking much.

Lips were on him and the sound of a drawer opening a closing surrounded him. Will was lost to it all, the cliffside of their encounter rushing towards him without his permission. Hannibal, having the good sense to read the room, made quick work of the needed prep. His fingers were accurate in their movements, the slightly cold nature of their slide inside a good way for Will to cool himself off ever so slightly.

His eyes bulged with the spark of pleasure the first bump against his prostate brought – the heat in his core bubbled without caution, his limbs heavy with the numbness of bodily

euphoria. He babbled out Hannibal's name, the intensity of it spurring them both on.

Soon, Hannibal's impatience could be felt in the way he pressed in and out – passion and aggression and a desperate want existed within each movement. Will was more than ready, and happily said so.

"Fuck me, Hannibal. I've been thinking about it since I first saw that tacky fucking suit – show me what the strength under it looks like."

A growl was the only reaction he got before Will was thoughtlessly turned onto his stomach – his elbows and knees coming under him to enhance the position. The snick of the bottle of lube opening again was the singular sound in the room – the only one that mattered. A soft hiss and then the tip of Hannibal's sizable cock pressed against him, bringing them within inches of finally becoming one.

"I'm not changing my mind, Hannibal. Please – I want you," Will muttered, his hips pressing back against the slippery head.

Hands clenched Will's hips, the tightness of Hannibal's grip just distracting enough to make the initial stretch inside no more than a miniscule discomfort. He bottomed out in one solid stroke forward, Hannibal's hips settled so nicely against him.

Sucking in a breath, Will took Hannibal's pause as an opportunity to widen his stance a little – the shift in his hips bringing Hannibal deeper, despite the impossibility of that thought. The tip of Hannibal's uncut cock pressed against Will's prostate, every breath he took stimulating the gland – the entirety of the feeling on the sweet edge of pleasurable pain.

Will clenched his hole to test the stretch, the discomfort and burn quickly giving way to the exquisite fit of Hannibal within him. A chocked off gasp left Hannibal behind him – the move pressing him forward even more.

"Will – " Hannibal pleaded, his hips thrusting slightly forward on their own accord.

Looking over his shoulder, Will pulled his bottom lip between his teeth and nodded, their eyes locking as Hannibal drew back and thrust as deeply as he could.

The need for anything other than the tandem movements of their bodies was gone – the only sounds around the room desperate pants, skin slapping against skin, and the creak and moan of the mattress under shifting bodies. Will spread his legs even further apart and bared, the clench of his muscle pulling the doctor even tighter against him. In this position, Hannibal could drive directly into his sweet spot – each thrust like a thunderbolt through him.

Will's orgasm built up slowly – Hannibal controlled the intensity of his thrusts with unbreakable resolve. When Will's hole started to flutter in warning of his closeness, Hannibal pulled back and shallowed his thrusts. While he worked Will over, they sipped from each other's mouths, their kisses quickly shifting from lips caressing to the delicate sharing of oxygen and carbon dioxide and breathy moans.

When it all became too much, Will reached back to grab at Hannibal's face, the heat of their connection blazing in his eyes, across his skin – everywhere and anywhere that existed in the bubble created. "Let go, Hannibal. Get us there," Will panted out – his eyes slipping shut from the pace that changed before all of the words were even out of his mouth.

Teeth gripped the skin of his neck and Will was a goner – he sank his nails into the supple skin of Hannibal's forearm, the coil in the center of his belly snapping to let the heat overcome him. Will felt every muscle in his body tighten, the numbness in his limbs quickly giving way to weightlessness.

Though mostly silent in his completion, Hannibal kept the chunk of Will's skin between his teeth while barreling over the edge. His panted breath and the release of warmth within him drew another shock of release from Will – the depth of their connection spooky in its intensity.

Before heavy weight could settle over top of him, Will felt Hannibal shift, his body sliding down Will's. A tongue against his rim drew a loud shriek from the depth of his chest, the overstimulation and foreign feeling so close to overwhelming. So much stimulus, and yet – still not enough. In that moment, Will figured he would never get enough.

Once satisfied, Hannibal placed his hand on Will's hip, prompting him to flip over onto his back. Hannibal settled next to him, shifting back until neither of them were laying in the wet spot of Will's hefty release. Still completely overtaken by their coupling and the earlier reveal, Will went willingly, his body curving into Hannibal in any way it could.

Things were far from settled between them – someone like Will wouldn't be satisfied with the cheeky conversation they shared earlier. Yet, Will found himself relaxing even further into the mattress, an unfamiliar surrender washing over him.

For the first time, probably ever, he was more than content to relax back and let someone else's darkness settle over him without a care in the world.

End Notes

Thank you for sticking around, y'all!

I left the door open for another couple of parts in this verse, so let me know what you think - I'd love to expand on this Will a little more :D

I'm over on tumblr (ohwereusingourmadeupnames) - join me for more of my writing adventures!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!